

Letter from the heart

by Emilie

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Disclaimer: I don't own Willow. Nobody owns Oz.

Summery: Oz writes his lost love.

Spoilers: Slight for NMR

Set a few years in the future.

For Pixie, I didn't follow any of your challenge settings but this is set in the future. LOL.

~*~

Dear Willow,

I wonder if you ever think of me now. I left like I should have I know that now. I left you happy with someone that loved you. I realize now how stupid I was to come back, why would I ever think you hadn't found someone else to love? You are so special, you have so much life. It was silly of me to think that you would. . hold a place for me when I had left like I did. When I'd hurt you like I did.

I wandered around in the woods for days, after I dropped you off at the dorms that night. I just drove up to the redwoods and thought,

thought about what I had done to you by leaving, what more I'd done by coming back. I know you love her, I'm happy that you've found that.

The first day when you weren't there was like a dream, like I'd never come back and I could still have that hope that coming home to you, there would be the happy reunion I'd prayed for every day I was away. Every time I would meditate I'd imagine the soothing sound of your breathing and the smell of your hair. They kept me sane and helped me to gain control, it was all for you.

I can't seem to feel emotions anymore, complete happiness is something that hasn't been in my heart for years. I haven't been unhappy, I never felt the pain. I don't feel sadness, I don't feel anguish or jealousy. Its almost like I'm past that, numb.

Don't feel guilty, numbness is a happy experience. Its like finally having control after being on a roller coaster for years. I finally have control over my feelings, I choose to control them by not having them.

I've met someone else in this time, we were together and then broke up. I guess I've moved on, we have a little girl together. She has fiery red hair and her middle name is Willow. When I said I was numb, I suppose I had lied because she brings me a little glimpse of the happiness I once had with you.

I don't know why I'm writing this, maybe because I feel guilty about never writing you before, calling. That was my mistake the first time I left, not making contact when you needed contact the most. Maybe things would be different if I hadn't left you, I have a feeling they would have anyway.

Do you still hold that place that's waiting for me? That's a stupid question, but it had to be asked.

Please don't let this letter upset you, I'm only writing it because having no communication with you is driving me crazy. I don't need a response, just knowing that you'll be holding this paper and thinking of me will be enough to sooth me until we someday meet in Istanbul.

Sincerely,

Daniel Osborne

P.S. There's some great blue hair dye on the market these days.

~*~End~*~
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file.